THE PORT FOLIO.

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. III.] [No. 27.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1803.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. LXVI.

DURING those fitful languors, the yawning offspring of this hot and idle time, I had written certain paragraphs of my Lounger, in as dull prose as "you would desire to read on a summer's day." Luckily for my own reputation, and the patience and long suffering of my readers, I was interrupted, in my unskilful labour, by the arrival of a Poem, written by a friend, who will always be regarded by the propitious powers of Poetry, when so elegantly invoked.

TO THE MUSE.

Celestial Muse! whose numbers flow
Now sweetly wild, now sadly slow;
If e'er I sought the silent grove,
Where Contemplation loves to rove;
If e'er I trac'd the breezy brow
Of yon high hill, and, far below,
Beheld the setting sun retire,
In one wide blush of fainter fire;
If e'er I wander'd by the stream,
Beneath the pale moon's quivering beam;
If e'er I linger'd on the shore,
Listening to ocean's distant roar,
Oh! hear my prayer, and to my heart
One spark of thy pure flame impart!

But if the deep embowering grove,
Where Contemplation loves to rove,
The breezy hill, the fainter ray
That shuts the garish eye of day,
The riv'let that divides the vale,
Where sweetly sleeps the moon beam pale,
Or distant ocean's dashing roar,
Give to thy mind delight no more;
I'll seek the paradise of joy,
Where mirth and song alone employ
The vacant day, while, in the shade,
With glistening eye, the gentle powers
Of love adorn thy lyre with flowers,
And rich wreaths for thy temples braid:
Where gay Lyæus, ever young,
Cheers echo with his jovial song:
While round him o'er the verdant plain,
Trips with light foot his frolic train.
And hark! how through the sacred grove,
Unite the strains of joy and love.
Now bring the lyre! now strike the string!
Let hill and vale with rapture ring!
And oh! if e'er my bosom felt
Those ecstacies which know to melt,
Now, Goddess, now, to my full heart,
One spark of thy pure flame impart!

Or if thou lov'st to trace the gloom,
Which hovers o'er the unsocial tomb;
To hold strange converse with the night,
And woo the tempest's restless sprite;
For thee I'll wander o'er the heath,
Where frowns the grisly form of death,
While from some turret's haunted round,
Dread horror flings his deepening sound:
Or dauntless brave the mountain surge,
That howls along the foaming sea,
And while bleak winds the frail bark urge,
Constant my thoughts shall dwell with thee;
Or as the lightning's rapid sweep
Darts through the gloom its lucid glare,
Still shall my trembling fancy keep
Its commerce with the sprites of air:
Oh! Muse divine, thy magic power
Shall turn to joy that dreadful hour,
If thou wilt to my throbbing heart
One spark of thy pure flame impart.

Or if the horrid din of war,
And martial feats delight thee more,
Then will I mount the scythed car,
And bathe its crimson sides in gore;
Then will I view the warlike band,
As firm they move along the strand;
Then will I see contending foes,
In direful, mortal conflict close;
Then will I hear deep groans resound
Of thousands, thousands falling round;
While many a mountain of the slain
Is pil'd upon the darkened plain,
And curling upwards to the skies,
The smoke and mingled flames arise,
From many a town, whose tottering wall
Is doom'd, by savage war, to fall,
While to the throne of heaven upborne,
The heaving sighs of those that mourn,
In anguish curse the fatal day
Which gave them to its rage a prey:
But, gentle Nymph! thy melting eye
From these dire horrors turns away,
Nor can thy pitying lyre supply
One strain, except for those who die
Thou softly pour the plaintive lay.
Dear is that plaintive lay to me,
And while, Oh Muse, I mourn with thee,
Hear, hear my prayer, and to my heart
One spark of thy pure flame impart.

HARLEY.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

From a formal writer we borrow an easy passage, which, without the usual rhapsody and froth of its author, describes that portion of Literature, for which all have leisure, and many a taste.

"Peace be with the soul of that charitable and courteous author, who, for the common benefit of his fellow authors, introduced the ingenious way of Miscellaneous writing. Since this happy method was established, the harvest of wit has been more plentiful, and the labourers more in number than heretofore. The miscellaneous manner has rendered almost every soil productive. It has disclosed those various seeds of wit, which lay suppressed in many a bosom; and has reared numberless conceits and curious fancies, which the natural rudeness and asperity of their native soil would have withered, or at least not have permitted to rise above the ground. From every field, from every hedge, or hillock, we now gather as delicious fruits, and fragrant flowers, as of old from the richest and best cultivated gardens." My Lord Shaftesbury.

—

Howell's description of the Spanish city of Valencia is vivid enough to induce a voluptuary to make a pilgrimage to this terrestrial paradise. "I am now in Valencia, one of the noblest cities of all Spain; here are the strongest silks, the sweetest wines, the smoothest oils, and the beautifullest females of all Spain." The ardent author gravely adds "for the prime courtezans of Madrid and *elsewhere* are had hence.

—

The following Alcaic ode was written by Mr. Gray in the Album of the Monks of the Grande Chartreuse, a religious order of the most austere kind, whose hermitage is sequestered amid the solitary scenes of Savoy. The solemn deportment of the Friars, meditating Death and Eternity; their profound silence; the deep gloom of the forest; the rushing of mountain torrents; and Nature, in some of her wildest and most tremendous forms, inspire religious awe, and melancholy meditation.* Viewing this scene, with the feelings of a moralist and a poet, Mr. Gray has traced them in elegant and sublime Latinity. An American gentleman, whose taste causes him to read the language of Rome with delight, and whose learning enables him to translate it with skill, has rendered Mr. Gray's Ode into blank verse. Of the various versions which the Editor has perused, this is the most faithful to the phrase and spirit of the original.

Oh Tu, severi Religio loci
Quocunque gaudes nomine, non leve
  Native nam certe fluenta
  Numen habet, veteresque sylvas;
Præsentiorem et conspicimus Deum
Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
  Clivosque prœruptos sonantes
  Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem;
Quam si repostus, sub trabe citrea
Fulgeret auro, et Phidiaca manu,
  Salve vocanti rite, fesso et
  Da placidam juveni quietem.
Quod si invidendis sedibus, et frui
Fortuna sacra lege silentii
  Vetat volventem, me resorbens
  In medios violenta fluctus:
Salutem remoto des, Pater, angulo
Horas senectæ ducere liberas;
  Tutumque vulgari tumultu
  Surripias, hominumque curis.

TRANSLATION.

O Thou! the Power, that o'er this solemn scene
Presid'st, whatever name best suits thine ear,
  For sure these native streams,
  And these primeval woods,
Own no presiding Power of light regard;
And midst the pathless rocks and mountains wild,
  Where waters murm'ring fall,
  And black'ning shades embower
In clearer view appears the present God
Than if, beneath the citron rafter'd dome,
  He beam'd in massy gold,
  By curious sculpture wrought.
Hail to thee, Genius, thee a weary youth
Invokes with honour due, and asks repose.
  But if to sit secure
  Beneath the wish'd for shade

* "In our little journey, up to the Grand Chartreuse, I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation, that there was no restraining. Not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with Religion and Poetry. There are certain scenes that would awe an atheist into belief, without the help of other argument. One need not have a very fantastic imagination to see spirits there at noon day. You have death perpetually before your eyes, only so far removed, as to compose the mind, without frighting it." See Gray's Letters—Mason's edition.

Fortune forbids me by her stern decree,
If by her hurrying hand, forc'd from the shore,
Again thy votary's lost,
Amid the dashing waves.
O Father, in some lone, sequester'd vale
Grant me, at least, to spend the hour of age
Freed from the clamorous croud,
And every vulgar care.

—

Prior proposes an excellent remedy for that rage of curiosity, which torments the young and inexperienced, eager to see the world. It is nothing less than a complete indulgence of this inquisitiveness. Its gratification, according to the poet's theory, is its radical cure. He imagines a sequestered and curious beauty, sighing for the delights of the metropolis. Let her go, says the judicious bard.

Send her abroad, and let her see
That all this mingled mass, which she,
Being forbidden, longs to know,
Is a dull farce—an empty show—
Powder, and pocket-glass, and beau.

—

The foundation of the following pretty ode is in the Essays of Michael Montaigne, who, in his rambling, but agreeable way, relates his discovery of the *Indian* original, and his surprise at finding such a festive and Anacreontic turn to a poem, written in ruder time, by the rudest of bards. The following, in its English dress, is from the pen of Mr. Thomas Warton, the father of two poetical brothers; a family in which Genius, Taste, and Invention seem to be hereditary.

AN AMERICAN LOVE ODE.

Taken from the second volume of Montaigne's Essays.
By Thomas Warton, the elder.

Stay, stay, thou lovely fearful snake,
Nor hide thee in yon darksome brake:
But let me oft thy charms review,
Thy glittering scales and golden hue;
From these a chaplet shall be wove
To grace the youth I dearest love.

Then ages hence, when thou no more
Shalt creep along the sunny shore,
Thy copied beauties shall be seen;
Thy red and azure, mix'd with green,
In mimic folds thou shalt display:
Stay, lovely, fearful, adder, stay.

—

Nothing can be more useful as incentive to literary exertion, than the history of such men, who have found time, among necessary and daily cares, to compose books of topics, remote from professional or periodical engagements. Of this species of literary biography, that of Mr. Roscoe, of Liverpool, is a splendid and salutary example. This gentleman has successfully combined the jarring characters of an attorney and an author, and has ascended from the drawing of declarations to the Life of Lorenzo, the Magnificent.

—

Of the gayer poets, from Anacreon and Horace, to Hafiz and Waller, the Rose is the favourite and most applauded flower. Mr. Moore has thus sung the glories of this Queen of the Gardens.

If Jove would give the leafy bowers
A Queen for all their world of flowers,
The Rose would be the choice of Jove,
And blush, the Queen of every grove.
Sweetest child of weeping morning
Gem, the vest of earth adorning,
Eye of flowrets, glow of lawns,
Bud of beauty, nurs'd by dawns.
Soft the soul of love it breathes,
Cypria's brow with magic wreaths,
And to the Zephyr's warm caresses
Diffuses all its verdant tresses,
Till, glowing with the wanton's play,
It blushes a diviner ray.

—

Wordsworth is a favourite poet, because, as Prior somewhere says, he talks like a *man of this world*. He is an intelligible and feeling writer. His description of the passion of Love, in the following Poem, is so exact, that it cannot fail to please, those, who admire the true, as well as the beautiful, and the two stanzas, preceding the last, will be remembered by all, who have been clasped to the bosom of Beauty.

LOVE.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway o'er the mount I lay
Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She lean'd against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight:
She stood and listen'd to my harp,
Amid the ling'ring light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I play'd a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song that fitted well
The ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace:
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he woo'd
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pin'd: and, ah!
The low, the deep, the pleading tone,
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gaz'd
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
Which craz'd this bold and lovely knight,
And that he cross'd the mountain woods,
Nor rested day nor night.

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade.

There came, and look'd him in the face,
An Angel, beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leapt amid a murd'rous band,
And sav'd from outrage, worse than death,
The lady of the land.

And how she wept and clasp'd his knees,
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that craz'd his brain.

And that she nurs'd him in a cave;
And that his madness went away
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay.

His dying words——but when I reach'd
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My fault'ring voice, and pausing harp,
Disturb'd her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve,
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;
And hopes and fears, that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng!
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blush'd with love and maiden shame;
And, like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heav'd—she stept aside;
As conscious of my look, she stepp'd—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me, and wept.

She half enclos'd me with her arms,
She press'd me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, look'd up,
And gaz'd upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride,
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride!

—

The Odes of Anacreon, it is remarked, by his latest translator, are all beauty, all enchantment. He steals us so insensibly along with him, that we sympathise even in his excesses. In his amatory odes there is a delicacy of compliment not to be found in any other ancient Poet.

Count me on the summer trees,
Every leaf that courts the breeze;
Count me, on the foaming deep,
Every wave, that sinks to sleep;
Then, when you have number'd these
Billowy tides and lofty trees,
Count me all the flames I prove,
All the gentle nymphs I love.
First, of pure Athenian maids,
Sporting in their olive shades,
You may reckon just a score,
Nay, I'll grant you fifteen more,
In the sweet Corinthian grove,
Where the glowing wantons rove,
Chains of beauties may be found,
Chains by which my heart is bound;
There, indeed, are girls divine,
Dangerous to a soul like mine!
Many bloom in Lesbos' isle,
Many in Ionia smile;
Rhodes a pretty swarm can boast,
Caria, too, contains a host.
Sum these all—of brown and fair,
You may count two thousand there!
What, you gaze? I pray you peace!
More I'll find, before I cease.
Have I told you all my flames
'Mong the amorous Syrian dames?
Have I number'd every one,
Glowing under Egypt's sun?
Or the nymphs, who, blushing sweet,
Deck the shrine of Love in Crete;
Where the God, with festal play,
Holds eternal holiday?
Still, in clusters, still remain
Gade's warm desiring train;
Still there lies a myriad more,
On the sable Indian shore;
These, and many far remov'd,
All are loving——all are lov'd!

The poetical reader may compare, if he please, the following paraphrase by Cowley. This, though replete with the conceits of the author and his age, must still be admired as a most ingenious piece of poesy.

When all the stars are by thee told,
The endless sums of heavenly gold,
Or when the hairs are reckon'd all,
From sickly autumn's head that fall,
Or when the drops, that make the sea,
While all her sands thy counters be,
Thou then, and thou alone may'st prove
The arithmetician of my love.
A hundred loves at Athens score,
At Corinth write a hundred more;
Fair Corinth doth such beauties bear,
So few is an escaping there.
Write then at Chios seventy-three;
Write then at Lesbos—let me see,

Write me at Lesbos ninety down,
Full ninety loves and half a one;
And next to these let me present
The fair Ionian regiment;
And next the Carian company,
Five hundred both effectively.
Three hundred more at Rhodes and Crete,
Three hundred more, I'm sure, complete;
For arms at Crete each face does bear,
And every eye's an archer there.
Go on; this stop why dost thou make?
Thou think'st, perhaps, that I mistake.
Seems this to thee too great a sum?
Why many thousands are to come;
The mighty Xerxes could not boast
Such different nations in his host.
On, for my love, if thou be'st weary,
Must find some better secretary.
I have not yet my Persians told,
Nor yet my Syrian loves enroll'd;
Nor Indian, nor Arabian,
Nor Cyprian loves, nor African;
Nor Scythian, nor Italian flames,
There's a whole map behind of names;
Of gentle loves in the temperate zone,
And cold ones in the frigid zone;
Cold frozen loves with which I pine,
And parched loves beneath the line.

A favourite author has undertaken, in a political letter, to detail the several inconveniencies, which are inseparable from human polity. He describes the weakness of some forms of government, the wickedness of others, and the imperfections of all. He enters into a very curious and profound speculation upon the comparative merits of the three forms of government most common among men. After treating, in a summary way, of the evils which flow from the rule of a tyrant, or the austere dominion of nobles, he proceeds thus.

"The fruitful policy of man was not yet exhausted. He had yet another farthing candle to supply the deficiencies of the sun. This was Democracy. Here the people transacted all public business, or the greater part of it, in their own persons: their laws were made by themselves, and, upon any failure of duty, their officers were accountable to themselves, and to themselves only. In all appearance, they had secured by this method the advantages of order and good government, without paying their liberty for the purchase. Now we are come to the master piece of Grecian refinement, and Roman solidity—a popular government. The earliest and most celebrated republic, of this model, was that of Athens. It was constructed by no less an artist than the celebrated poet and philosopher, Solon. But no sooner was this political vessel launched from the stocks, than it overset, even in the lifetime of the builder. A tyranny immediately supervened; not by a foreign conquest, not by accident, but by the VERY NATURE and CONSTITUTION of a Democracy!.....An artful man became popular, the people had power in their hands, and they devolved a considerable share of their power upon their favourite; and the only use he made of this power was to plunge those, who gave it, into slavery. Accident restored their liberty, and the same good fortune produced men of uncommon abilities, and uncommon virtues among them. But these abilities were suffered to be of little service either to their possessors, or the state. Some of these men, for whose sakes alone we read their history, they banished; others they imprisoned; and all they treated with various circumstances of the most shameful ingratitude. Republics have many things in the spirit of absolute Monarchy, but none more than this; a shining merit is ever hated or suspected in a popular assembly, as well as in a court; and all services done the state are looked upon as dangerous to the rulers, whether sultans or senators. The *ostracism* at Athens was built upon this principle. The giddy people, whom we have now under consideration, being elated with some flashes of success, which they owed to nothing less than any merit of their own, began to tyrannize over their equals, who had associated with them for their common defence. With their prudence they renounced all appearance of justice. They entered into wars rashly and wantonly. If they were unsuccessful, instead of growing wiser by their misfortunes, they threw the whole blame of their own misconduct on the ministers who had advised, and the generals who had conducted those wars; until by degrees they had cut off all, who could serve them in their councils, or their battles. If, at any time, these wars had an happier issue, it was no less difficult to deal with them on account of their pride and insolence. Furious in their adversity, tyrannical in their successes, a commander had more trouble to concert his defence before the people, than to plan the operations of the campaign. At Athens the nicest and best studied behaviour was not a sufficient guard for a man of great capacity. Some of their bravest commanders were obliged to fly their country, some to enter into the service of its enemies, rather than abide a popular determination on their conduct, lest, as one of them said, their giddiness might make the people condemn, where they meant to acquit; to throw in a black bean, even when they intended a white one.

"The Athenians made a very rapid progress to the most enormous excesses. The people, under no restraint, soon grew dissolute, luxurious, and idle. They renounced all labour, and began to subsist themselves from the public revenues. They lost all concern for their common honour or safety, and could bear no advice that tended to reform them. At this time Truth became offensive to those lords, the people, and most highly dangerous to the speaker. The orators no longer ascended the rostrum but to corrupt them further with the most fulsome adulation. The people, forgetful of all virtue and public spirit, and intoxicated with the flatteries of their orators, arrived at that pitch of madness, that they cooly and deliberately, by an express law, made it capital for any man to propose an application of the immense sums squandered in public shows, even to the most necessary purposes of the state. When we see the people of this republic banishing or murdering their best and ablest citizens, dissipating the public treasure with the most senseless extravagance, and spending their whole time as spectators or actors, in playing, fiddling, dancing, and singing, it strikes the imagination with the image of a sort of complex Nero. The whole history of this celebrated republic is but one tissue of rashness, folly, ingratitude, injustice, tumult, violence, tyranny, and, indeed, of every species of wickedness that can well be imagined. This was a city of wise men, in which a minister could not exercise his functions; a warlike people among whom a general did not dare either to gain or lose a battle; a learned nation in which philosophers could not venture on a free inquiry. This was the city which banished Themistocles, starved Aristides, forced into exile Miltiades, drove out Anaxagoras, and poisoned Socrates. This was the city which changed the form of its government with the moon; eternal conspiracies, revolutions daily, nothing fixed and established. A republic, as an ancient philosopher has observed, is no one species of government, but a magazine of every species; here you find every sort of it, and that in the worst form. As there is a perpetual change, one rising, and the other falling, you have all the violence and wicked policies by which a beginning power must always acquire its strength, and all the weakness by which falling states are brought to a complete destruction.

"Rome has a more venerable aspect than Athens; and she conducted her affairs, so far as related to the ruin and oppression of the greatest part of the world, with greater wisdom and more uniformity. But the domestic economy of these two states was nearly or altogether the same. An internal dissention constantly tore to pieces the bowels of the Roman commonwealth. We find the same confusion, the same factions, which subsisted at Athens, the same tumults, and the same slavery."

Thus far the profound and eloquent author of this most luminous and repulsive picture of democratic imbecility. The transcriber has meditated the history of the English commonwealth, under the protectorate of Cromwell, has carefully scrutinised the rise, progress, and termination of the French republic, has watched the operations of Democracy in his own country, and suffering under its vice and weakness, cannot but be prescient of its most foul, disgraceful, and atrocious results. He, therefore, is led to an irresistible conclusion, not only that the above passage, from the wisdom and eloquence of BURKE, is a great and solemn truth, but that it is the duty, and safety, too, of every honest and gallant spirit, in America, with his purse, his pen, or his sword, to be ready to counteract the effects of so imperfect, yet so profligate a system.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Fortune dont la main couronne,
Les forfaits les plus invuis;
Du faux eclat qui t'environne,
Serons nous toujours eblouis.

ROUSSEAU.

Voltaire has remarked, that a conqueror holds an intermediate station between a tyrant and a good king. Among the virtues he may possess, clemency to the vanquished is best calculated to enable him to rank with the latter, in the estimation of posterity, to create a lively interest for his success, and palliate the evils inseparable from the destructive career of his ambition. When he can magnanimously resist an offence, surmount that strong bias to revenge, implanted by nature in our bosoms, and assuage the horrors incident to war, by the sympathy of a humane disposition, the dictates of reason inculcating abhorrence for his pursuits, are oftentimes counterpoised by an involuntary tribute of admiration and esteem. While the understanding would inspire detestation for the fatal ambitious spirit which impelled Cæsar to employ his arms and prostitute his unrivalled talents in the subversion of the republic, the heart frequently rebels, and we forget his crimes, in the enthusiasm excited by his superiority to revenge; his mansuetude and his mercy to the vanquished. Charles was systematically humane and beneficent. The death of Patkul has been denominated rigourous and even cruel; it was, however, the consequence of an impression that justice demanded the exemplary punishment of a traitor, not the effect of the sudden intemperate ebullition of anger, or of the silent operation of implacable malice. Fortunate would it be for the fame of Alexander, were the perusal of his life illustrative of our prefatory observations, or could we discover one blemish alone; but how often and towards how many thousands did his cruelty equal that of the most ferocious and sanguinary of tyrants; how often did his vindictive temper, his overweening pride, and his ebriety, cause him to violate the sacred ties of friendship and gratitude, by the murder of his most faithful adherents, and stain his victories with the blood of a defenceless unresisting enemy. The sack and desolation of Thebes are prior in point of time, though not of atrocity. The ancient splen-

dour of this celebrated city, its distinguished rank among the republics of Greece, the brave and vigorous defence of its inhabitants, considerations that ought to have pleaded successfully with a generous mind, were insufficient to allay the blind fury of the savage Macedonian, or shield them from one promiscuous indiscriminate slaughter. Those who escaped the sword, whose age and sex incapacitated them from seeking death in an honorable way, were to the amount of 30,000, condemned to the rigors of servitude. Tyre also incurred the enormous guilt of an obstinate resistance to the unprovoked attack of an unjust invader. On his entrance into the city, orders were immediately issued to sacrifice without distinction, all who had not fled to the sanctuary of the temple. After the carnage had ceased and the soldiery become glutted with the blood of numberless victims, two thousand, whom fatigue and satiety had spared, were wantonly executed on crosses, along the banks of the Tyrian sea. The rage of the monarch then exhibited, says the historian, a sorrowful spectacle. "Triste deinde spectaculum ira præbuit regis." A melancholy spectacle indeed, from which humanity turns with indignation and disgust! Where was that Alexander who dropt a tear over the remains of fallen majesty in the person of Darius, when in the insolent exultation of success, he could, instead of commiserating, triumph over the misfortunes of Betis; when the intrepidity of his noble captive, his disdain for abject submission, and his inviolable fidelity to his sovereign, procured him no better fate than that of being ingloriously dragged around the walls of the fortress at the horse's tail. These virtues so congenial to a great mind, and respectable even in a foe, from the hero of Greece, extorted no other emotion than rage, no other cry but this, "You see he neither bends a knee or casts a suppliant look; we shall conquer his obstinacy." Two wounds received during the course of the siege, the heat of victory, and the irritation arising from an unusual resistance, may with some serve to extenuate a conduct so widely dissimilar from the magnanimous forbearance practised by other conquerors in the same situation. The death of Philotas and Parmenio afford no such palliatives. The meaner passions of jealousy and suspicion which tormented Alexander, and had led him to cut off the son in the prime of life and vigor, stimulated him to terminate by the instrumentality of an assassin, the existence of the father. If the murderer of Darius, animated by the prospect of an empire, merits universal execration, what sentiments should we feel at the assassination of the veteran of seventy, whose life had been dedicated to the service of the Grecian monarch, of whom it was emphatically said, that Parmenio gained many victories without Alexander—Alexander without Parmenio, none? The execution of Calisthenes is the last we shall select from the multiplied instances that might be adduced of a complexion equally revolting. Truth had become insupportable to one already habituated to Asiatic adulation. The bold philosopher who rejected the latter with contempt, and dared to speak the undisguised language of the former, soon rendered himself too obnoxious to be suffered to live. A fictitious conspiracy was therefore framed, Calisthenes arraigned as an accomplice, and finally executed. On this head it is only necessary to add a remarkable passage from Seneca. "The death of Calisthenes is an eternal stain upon the memory of Alexander, which neither his courage or his military trophies will ever obliterate. When it is said that he has covered the ocean with new fleets, that he has extended his empire from an obscure corner of Thrace to the utmost limits of the East, it will be answered, but he has killed Calisthenes."

In the annals of history there is not perhaps a more illustrious example of continency, than that offered to the world by Charles. To prosecute without impediment his military operations, and lead the way in that severe discipline which he established and perpetuated among his troops, at the age of eighteen, when the influence of the passions is the strongest, he resolved to renounce for ever all communication with the other sex, and adhered invariably to this determination during the whole course of his life. Alexander's virtue is somewhat more problematical. The names of Thais and Campaspe, of whom Plutarch and Elianus speak, will suffice for those conversant in his biography. His attachment to the Eunuch Bagoas, a connexion which plunged him into a multiplicity of atrocious crimes, is too horrid but to be barely mentioned.

The wars of the Macedonian, constitute one systematic series of unprovoked and unwarrantable aggression. His meretricious lust of power and fame, surmounted every barrier that the principles of reason and justice might have opposed. What have we to do with thee, said the Scythian ambassadors, in their energetic remonstrance, that thou comest thus to attack us. Such might have been the uniform language of all the kings of Asia, against whom, he was destitute of even a plausible pretext.

The Thebans and Athenians were the first to take up arms, but upon the broad basis of the fundamental maxims of the law of nature and nations, to curb a spirit whose primary object was to annihilate the liberties of Greece, to check the career of an inordinate ambition which grasped at universal domination, and to recover the rights wrested from them by the oppressive usurpation of Philip. The hostilities of Charles were those of justifiable defence, not of unfounded attack. Occupied with the tranquil pleasures of his Court at Stockholm, and unsuspecting a rupture, the noise of warlike preparations in the North, destined against Sweden, suddenly roused him from his lethargy. His youth, the unfavorable prepossessions entertained of him, both at home and abroad, and the unguarded situation of Sweden, held out irresistible incentives to the cupidity of three of the most powerful monarchs of Europe, the kings of Denmark, Poland, and the Czar Peter, who united at once to effect his ruin. In the deliberations of his council, on the means of averting the impending storm, it was unanimously decreed to negociate, when Charles, who had hitherto taken no active part in public discussions, rose with an air of determined resolution, and addressed the members thus:—My decision is already made; one of my first political canons is, to undertake none but a just war, and never to desist until I have accomplished the destruction of my enemies. I shall attack the first who avows himself; after his defeat, I may, perhaps, strike terror into the rest. The king of Denmark soon experienced the force of a mind which only wanted full scope for the display of powers, that successively formed the admiration and terror of Europe. Charles flew with the rapidity of lightning to Denmark, besieged Copenhagen, forced the Danes in their entrenchments, obliged them to sue for peace, dictated the terms and stipulated, not for himself, but for the duke of Holstein. After terminating this war in the lapse of six weeks, he marched immediately to Narva, surrounded by one hundred thousand Russians, attacked and routed them with eight thousand Swedes; thirty thousand were either killed in the field, or drowned in the adjacent river, and the rest dispersed or taken prisoners. The Polish monarch, after multiplied overthrows, was ultimately necessitated to resign his crown, and the same fate would have attended the Czar, were even the perfection of human prudence an adequate preventative against every contingency or success, the unerring concomitant of superior talent and supereminent virtue.

To compare as to temperance, Charles and Alexander, is to draw a parallel of two extremes, almost diametrically opposite. The first abstemious; the second a voluptuary;—the one chargeable perhaps with insensibility; the other addicted to every sensual gratification. Charles was an enemy to the pomp and magnificence of courts; modest and unassuming in the midst of victory; the gratulations consequent upon it, and the voice of flattery, were shunned by him with as much care as they are eagerly received by others. Alexander's palace, after his return to Babylon, was converted into a seraglio; the luxury and all the splendid trappings of oriental pride, the Persian purple, the tiara, and honors due only to the divinity, were substituted for the sober appendages of Grecian simplicity. Charles' beverage was water; Alexander was immoderately fond of wine. The death of Clytus, and the conflagration of Persepolis, the capital and ornament of the East, are lasting monuments of the excesses to which he was driven. Charles died gloriously in the field; Alexander by his intemperance, gradually debilitated a robust constitution, and one nights' revel brought him prematurely to the grave.

BIOGRAPHY.

[Memoirs of the Archbishop of Cambray will be read by the admirers of Telemachus; the supporters of the character and dignity of a preceptor; and the votaries of a simplicity not corrupted by a Court, and a virtue unsullied even by the breath of calumny.]

THE LIFE OF FENELON.

Fenelon est parmi les gens de lettres, ce que Henry IV. est parmi les rois. Sa reputation est un dépôt conservé par notre amour; et son panegyriste, quel qu'il soit, est surpassé d'avance par la sensibilité de ceux qui l'écoutent.* LA HARPE.

Atticus, a clergyman of our society, said that he had heard with pleasure the duke de St. Simon's account of the change of character in the duke of Burgundy, and as he could not conceive how such a change could have been effected in any person, much less in a prince, the heir of an absolute monarchy, he had, from motives of curiosity, examined the memoirs of those times that could give any insight into so extraordinary a transaction. He had found that the whole plan had been formed and executed by the amiable and virtuous Fenelon, the preceptor to the duke of Burgundy; whom the duke de St. Simon did not love, and therefore did not sufficiently appreciate his merits. Atticus added, that he had drawn up for his own amusement, a sketch of the life of Fenelon, which he would read to the company; and though he was convinced, that any remarks on the life and character of so great a man did not require any apology, yet he would preface his imperfect account with a passage from la Harpe's Eloge de Fenelon.

Francis de Salignac de la Mothe Fenelon, of a noble and distinguished family in the country of Perigord, was son of Pons de Salignac marquis de Fenelon, and was born in the castle of Fenelon, in 1667. He received private instruction in his father's house, until he had attained the age of twelve, when he was removed to the

* Literally translated—Fenelon is amongst men of letters what Henry the IV. is amongst kings: his reputation is a deposit preserved for our love, and his panegyrist, whoever he may be, is surpassed by the sensibility of those who listen to him.

university of Cahors, and completed his studies at Paris, under the superintendance of his uncle, Anthony marquis of Fenelon of whom the great Condé used to say, that he equally shone in conversation and in the cabinet.

Under such a director, by whom he was treated with all the tenderness of a son, Fenelon greatly improved the talents and capacity which he had recieved from nature. Being destined for the church he soon distinguished himself in the line of his profession, and assumed the ecclesiastical habit, as is usual with young men in the Roman Catholic Religion, at a very early period of life: before he had attained his twentieth year, he preached at Paris with such general applause, as attracted even the notice of Bossuet and Bourdaloue, the most celebrated divines of the age. But his uncle, apprehending lest indiscriminate praise might swell the youth with presumption, persuaded him to retire from public view, and continue his theological studies; and Fenelon gave a strong proof of discretion and self-denial in following his uncle's advice. But in retiring from the world, he only rendered himself more worthy of it: he applied with unremitting zeal to the study of divinity, and the cultivation of polite literature, under the direction of the superior of the convent of St. Sulpicius, and was remarkable for the strictness of his conduct in that early period of life.

At the age of twenty-four he entered into full orders, and gave, at that early period, such proofs of exemplary piety and discretion, that in the twenty-seventh year of his age he was entrusted, by the archbishop of Paris, with an office which required the strictest conduct and judgment; that of Superior to the newly converted catholic women. These were for the most part young women, converted, as it was called, probably by terror, or importunity, who required to be confirmed in a belief which was contrary to the religious principles in which they had been educated. Nor was any one more adapted to this employment than Fenelon; as no one better knew how to temper the authority of his mission by the most gentle manners, and to accommodate all the arguments of his warm and persuasive eloquence to the temper and delicacy of his female converts.

His great success in this ministry spread wide his reputation, and rendered him known to Louis the Fourteenth. Occupied with the chimerical idea of abolishing by force, throughout his dominions, the reformed religion, that monarch selected Fenelon to undertake a mission in the provinces of Saintogne and Aunis, for the conversion of heretics. Fenelon, instead of flattering his deluded sovereign by an abject submission, refused to undertake the office, if it was to be supported by military force: he boldly declared that he would convert only by persuasion and arguments, not by persecution and the sword; and that he would represent God not as an object of terror, but as the benevolent father of his creatures. Even the bigotted monarch approved of that liberality of sentiment which he wanted himself; and it was owing to the spirit and toleration of Fenelon, that two provinces were exempted from the dreadful persecutions, which deluged with blood the other parts of France.

On his return to Paris, after having presented himself once at court, he resumed his former office, and continued his instructions to the new converts. His great talents and strict morals opened to him the prospect of the highest preferment; but he was so inattentive in paying his court to those in power, that having been named by the king for the bishopric of Poitiers, his nomination was revoked before it was made public. But his reputation as a preacher, a good man, and a scholar, increased to such a degree, that without the least solicitation he was appointed preceptor to the dukes of Burgundy and Berry. He owed this appointment solely to the duke of Beauvilliers, governor of the young princes; who was so struck with his talents and fascinated with the charms of his conversation, that he recommended him as the only person, who was capable of this important trust.

Fenelon entered with enthusiasm on this laborious and delicate office. To give up his own comforts, and to devote himself solely to the government of his pupil; not to utter a word which was not a lesson, not to perform an action which was not an example; to remind him of his high station, that he might lay before him its duties; to annihilate his pride; to combat those passions which flattery encourages, and eradicate those vices which are peculiar to a court; to reprove him without losing his confidence; to correct him without forfeiting his friendship; to add to the consciousness of his duty, and to diminish the consciousness of his power; in a word, never to deceive his pupil, his country, nor his conscience: such were the duties which were imposed by Fenelon on himself; to whom the monarch said, "I give you my son," and to whom the people cried, "Give us a father."

Fenelon had the address to conciliate all the principal persons who were employed in the education and household of the prince; to persuade them to follow the grand principles and method, which he had laid down, and to leave him absolute master of the whole mode of proceeding. The utmost concert and harmony reigned amongst them; there was no struggle for superiority; no jealousy; no one attempted to flatter the prince, or to support him, when he had acted wrong.

His plan for the education of the duke of Burgundy was a master-piece of judgment; only calculated, perhaps, for the education of a prince, and peculiarly adapted to the temper and disposition of his royal pupil. When he was promoted to the charge, he found his pupil haughty, imperious, passionate, or rather furious to excess, upon the most trifling opposition to his will. Instead of endeavouring to combat his passion by arguments, or advice, Fenelon ordered, that on those occasions, his studies and amusements should be immediately suspended; that all who approached him, should wear an air of the deepest melancholy, and maintain the most profound silence. The young prince finding himself thus avoided by all, disgusted with his own company, and considered as unworthy of any rational occupation, never failed to acknowledge his fault, and request his preceptor's forgiveness. Fenelon received his repentance with complacency; gently represented to him, that such violent passions would render himself unhappy, no less than those about him; and that he would become, by his caprices and fury, an object of consternation and terror.

Although Fenelon had formed a regular system of education, yet he concealed that plan in the most judicious manner; and though every thing was in reality the effect of design, it appeared the effect of chance, and derived from the casual impulse of the present moment. He had no regular hours for application; yet all hours and all places were made subservient to the prince's improvement and instruction: at dinner or at play, riding or walking, or in company, his curiosity was continually excited by casual hints, and remarks introduced in the course of the most desultory conversation: these hints lead to questions and explanations; at the prince's desire a map was to be examined, or a history consulted; and his studies were usually the result of his own request, and considered as marks of favour and condescension. Thus, by the imperious force of education, Fenelon transformed his royal pupil into a new creature, rendered him from the most haughty, the most humble; from the most ungovernable, the most easy of controul, and from the most passionate and furious, the meekest of mankind.

Fenelon adopted another mode of instruction, which few preceptors would be capable of employing. Upon any incident or situation, which was either calculated to correct any failing, or to recommend any particular virtue, he wrote a tale, a fable, or a dialogue of the dead. In these works Fenelon inculcated, that crooked policy in a sovereign always recoils upon itself; that to deceive his subjects, or his enemies, is not only immoral but prejudicial; that greatness, which is purchased with crimes, yields neither glory nor happiness; that tyranny is more baneful to the sovereign than to the subject; that a prince can only find happiness and security in the love of his people; that the complaints of subjection, and the cries of misfortune, if rejected, ascend to the throne of God; that the glory of a wise and pacific prince is more solid than that of an unjust conqueror; that the frenzy of wars is the epidemic distemper of kings and ministers: and that, except under the pressure of natural calamities, in times of pestilence and famine, it is the fault of those who govern, if the subject is unhappy.—Such were the noble maxims of policy which are scattered in the *Dialogues of the Dead;* a work filled with the soundest remarks of history, and the purest principles of government in the *Directions for the Conscience of a King*, which has been justly styled the catechism of Princes: and more particularly in *Telemachus*, that master-piece of his genius, one of the most original works which ever appeared in the French tongue.

[To be continued.]

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

TRIALS ON THE CROWN SIDE.

BEFORE SIR BEAUMONT HOTHAM, KNIGHT.

PRIVATE STEALING.

Mary Manning was capitally indicted for privately stealing from the person of Henry Lane a pocket-book, containing five *l.* bank notes.

The prosecutor described himself as an half-pay officer, that he had lately been discharged from the fleet, and was returning towards his home in company with his friend Capt. Hewitt, when they were accosted in Blackfriar's-road, by a decoy of the prisoners, and went with her to No- 8, William street, in the same road, where they were introduced to the prisoner. On leaving her he found he had been robbed of his pocket-book, which he believed the prisoner had taken from his person, as he felt at one time her hand in his pocket.

On his cross-examination by Mr. GURNEY, the prosecutor was exceedingly petulant, and could scarcely be prevailed on to give a direct answer.—He first said he was perfectly collected when he went to the prisoner's lodging, and that he was the same when he came away, though he was made to confess that he had staid there from twelve at night till four in the morning, and had drank part of four bottles of sherry during that time.

Mary Palmer, the servant of the prisoner said, that Miss Manning brought home two captains on the 6th of July, about twelve o'clock at night —the prosecutor was one of them. Early in the morning the prisoner knocked up a man who lodged in the house, said she had got a pocket-book, which must be immediately disposed of, or she should be detected. The pocket-book was afterwards found at a Lady's, who lives in Mortimer street, Cavendish square.

The Officer who took the prisoner said, she was an unfortunate girl, but he had never known her to be dishonest before.

The prisoner denied the charge, and said there were more girls present when the prosecutor and his friend were at her lodgings.

Baron HOTHAM observed, that it was extremely painful for him to see a Gentleman placed in the disgraceful situation the prosecutor was, complaining of a loss which had originated in his own want of prudence. He did not mean to defend women of the prisoner's description; but while they acted honestly, he could not help pitying their unhappy condition. They were tolerated in society while they conducted themselves peaceably and honestly; if they swerved from that line of conduct, they became intolerate, and were amenable, like others, for their offences. The prisoner was charged with a capital offence, that of privately stealing from the person of the prosecutor; the capital part however was clearly done away, Mr. Lane having sworn he felt her take his pocket-book. Then with respect to the theft itself, the Jury were to remember that there were more than one girl present, and he would never advise them to strain their consciences in believing the testimony of a man who went drunk into such scenes of depravity and wretchedness, for drunk the prosecutor was beyond all doubt, or, at best, he had not his perfect understanding at the time. How the pocket-book got to Mortimer street, he knew not: the Jury were in possession of the evidence, and they would make the best of it.

The Jury pronounced a verdict—*Not guilty.*

The prosecutor appeared exceedingly displeased at the verdict, and said, the prisoner had nearly knocked his brains out when he taxed her with robbing him.

The Judge observed, that if persons went to such infamous places, they could not expect that Juries would act differently from what the present had done.

Captain Lane then applied to have his expences allowed.

Baron Hotham returned for answer, that it was the universal custom in such cases to refuse the prosecutor's expences; and he saw no reason why he should break through that custom on the present occasion.

"If such be the rule," said the captain, "thieves cannot be prosecuted in future."

Baron Hotham desired him to walk out of court, or he would commit him if he spoke further.

LEVITY.

FROM A LATE LONDON PAPER.

COCKED HATS are so much out of fashion in these times, that it is become rather dangerous to wear one. I am an old man, upwards of seventy, and do not like to cover my head with a *Slouch*, if I can avoid it. I think it looks nearly as ridiculous on a gentleman, as Don QUIXOTE with the *barber's bason*.

When I was a young fellow, it was my chief pride to have my hat cocked quite in style. We used then to wear your *Kevenhullers*, the *Prussian*, the *Cumberland*, the *Fantail*, and the *Jack Adams's Cock*. The rage at one time was so great for *Jack Adams's Cock*, that every gentleman of trade used to send his hat to *Jack Adams* to have it *cocked*, buy it where he might. *Adams* lived in Fleet-street, which was luckily a centrical part for the whole metropolis. as no person could walk the Mall on a Sunday, without *Jack Adams's Cock*.—A *Slouch*, in my opinion, has a mean, contemptible, and clownish appearance. But when a man has a *Cocked Hat* on, he looks like a man, a gentleman, and a soldier! And besides that, which is very proper, you cannot appear at Court nor even dance a minuet, without a *Cocked Hat*.

To be sure, when I go out, I meet with many quaint sayings, and odd interuptions, especially among the lower orders of people, and indeed now some of the genteeler sort cast reflections on my hat.—Some will exclaim, "*Egham, Staines, and Windsor!*"—others, "*Cock and Spike!*"—others, "*Pickaxe!*"—and in frosty weather, in the morning, they will call after me, and say, "'Tis a *sharp* morning, Sir!—At other times, I am accosted with, "Pay me the *nine-pence* you owe me, at three-pence a *corner*." Others content themselves with crying, "*There goes three-pence a corner!*"—and many other *witticisms* of this kind do I meet with in passing the streets.

Then they have another way of expressing their dislike; just as they come up to me, one or two will give a sudden start, and, running into the middle of the street, cry out, "*Take care of your eyes!*"—One evening as I was going up Holborn, a decent woman was walking before me, and just as some of these wags came up to her, they started, which occasioned her to start also, and to cry out, "You puppies, what is that for?" I immediately told her not to be frightened, the *gentlemen* were only pretending to be *alarmed* at my *hat*.

I was not, however, a little pleased the other day, as I was passing through Long Acre, a lady in a shop observed to another, looking at my cock, "that *Cocked Hats* were very *odious*, and *quite out of fashion*; but it was some comfort to her, that if her children cried at any time, or would not go to bed quietly, she had nothing to do but to tell them she would send for the *man with the Cocked Hat*, which instantly produces the desired effect, and they go to bed as quietly as lambs." So that now I find, Mr. Editor, a *Cocked Hat* is become a mere *bugaboo!*

There is another set of people that abhor your *Cocked Hats*, and that is the *Jacobin:* It makes a man look so much like a *Soldier*, or *a Loyal Volunteer*, which is a ghastly figure to your *Jacobin*, that it quite frightens him.—But all the little rubs I meet with, shall not deter me from looking like a man, a gentleman, and a soldier!

yours, &c. ALEXANDER COCKS!

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEAN, ARTHUR LEE, &c.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[In the Port Folio, Vol. II. page 30, our readers may find an original letter from Dr. FRANKLIN to Mons. Dumas. This letter was derived from a source, whence we hoped immediately to obtain a series of these political epistles, and accordingly ventured to promise them to the public. During an interval of some length, our expectation was frustrated, and the public curiosity ungratified. It gives us pleasure to announce that we are now in possession of these documents, which we shall regularly publish, and which we presume will hardly fail to amuse some, and instruct others; to fix the attention of the inquisitive, and revive the remembrance of the statesman.

These letters were written by gentlemen, who, at different periods, were both at home and abroad, in a diplomatic capacity, under the American Congress. They are addressed to a gentleman, who, from his ardent zeal and active friendship in promoting the success of the United Colonies, in their struggle for Independence, was himself employed and accredited as a diplomatic agent in the United Netherlands. The letter from Dr. Franklin to Mons. Dumas, which we have already published, was written in behalf of the Committee of Foreign Affairs, and may be considered as the credentials of a *Charge d'Affairs*. The ensuing articles are 1st. a letter from Dr. Franklin introducing Silas Deane to Mons. Dumas, and 2d. two letters from Mr. Deane, who in 1776, was sent abroad on public business, though the better to promote the object of his mission, he appeared in the character of a private gentleman.

Much interesting and curious matter will be found in these documents, which, without farther preface, we present to the public.]

Dear Sir, *Philadelphia, March* 22, 1776.

I wrote to you lately by Mr. Story, and since by another conveyance. This line will be delivered to you by Mr. Deane, who goes over on business of the Congress, and with whom you may freely converse on the affairs committed to you, in behalf of that body. I recommend him warmly to your civilities. Mess'rs. Vaillant and Pechard continue close at their new business, and are already able to subsist by it: as they grow more expert, they will be able to make more money.

Mr. Deane will inform you of every thing here, and I need not add more, than that I am, with esteem and respect,

Dear Sir,
Your most obedient,
And most humble servant,
B. FRANKLIN.

—

Paris, July 26, 1776.

Sir,

The inclosed letter from Dr. Franklin, will hint at my business in this city, where I arrived the 7th instant, and I should have sent forward this earlier, had I not hopesof having the honor of presenting it to you in person. This I now find I cannot expect, without delaying it beyond all bounds, I therefore forward it by the common coveyance, and inform you that my address in this city is to Mess'rs. *Germany, Guardot & Co. Bankers;* that I shall tarry here until the last of August, when I pr[illegible] going to Dunkirk, thence to Amsterdan[illegible] Hamborough, in which journey shall hope [illegible]e pleasure of seeing you, and in the mean time be happy in a correspondence with you on the subject of the dispute between the United Colonies and Great-Britain, or any other that shall be agreeable to you, and I wish to be informed if I shall be in danger of any disagreeable treatment in my journey through Holland, in a private capacity, though it should be known I was in the service of the United Colonies. It has been suggested to me, that I might meet with some interruption or difficulties from the friends of the British ministry, which occasions my making this inquiry.

I have the honour to be,
With the utmost respect—Sir,
Your most obedient, and
Very humble servant,
SILAS DEANE.

P. S. I read and understand the French language tolerably, though I am unable to write it.

—

Paris, August 18, 1776.

Sir,

Your favour of the 8th, and one earlier, but without a date, are before me, and I return you my thanks for the attention paid to mine, and more especially for the good opinion you entertain of my countrymen, and your tenders of service. The business before me here is of such a nature, that I must be detained for some time in this city. If I take a journey to Holland, it will be my choice to make it as a private gentleman, as such I am in Paris, and that character I shall keep, unless obliged to alter. Parade and pomp have no charms in the eyes of a patriot, or of even a man of common good sense; but, at the same time, I can never submit to the changing of my name, unless I am convinced that so humiliating a step will promote the service of my country; I can pass, as unnoticed, under that name, as any other, whilst I conduct, in every other respect, as a private gentleman. I have now but little hopes of being in Holland before October, before which such intelligence may arrive from America, as may alter my present designs. The declaration of independency, made by the United Colonies, is announced in the English papers, but I have received no dispatches on the event, though I am in daily expec-

tation of them. You ask me two questions in your first letter; to the former, I answer at once affirmatively, and that I have a certain prospect of succeeding in my business; but, as to the latter, or second query, I cannot so readily reply, for I know not how far the knowledge of me and my concerns may have extended. I am here as a private merchant, and appear as such, whatever suspicion may circulate, as such, I can travel, I trust, into your country, which I most ardently wish to see, and the more so on account of the kind, simple, and engaging invitation you have given me; it really affected me, and brought instantaneously to view those happy and peaceful scenes of domestic felicity, to which I am at present a stranger. You have all I can give you, a grateful *resentment* of your kindness, and depend, that I will in person acknowledge it on my first arrival in Holland. It is the policy of the United Provinces of Holland to be neuter in every contention. The United Colonies only wish them to keep steady to their only true system of policy in the present case; and, give me leave to say, that a reflection on their former struggles, must shew them in what point of light the Americans are to be considered. But, my dear sir, the United Colonies ask no aid or alliances. Let Britain court every, even the most petty and mercenary power in Europe, the United Colonies only ask for what nature surely entitles all men to, a free and uninterrupted commerce and exchange of the superfluities of one country for those of another; and the first power in Europe, which takes advantage of the present favorable occasion, must exceed every other in commerce. But I am rambling. I pray to know in your next letter, what sums are due to Holland from the government of England. Whether the King of Prussia is wholly inattentive to the present proceedings, and if he attends, on which side his wishes are. *Omnia tentanda.* I really hope to be in the Hague in October, and promise myself great pleasure in seeing you and your lady, to whom, though otherwise unknown, since you have introduced me, you cannot refuse presenting my best respects.

I am with great esteem—Sir,
Your most obliged, and
Very humble servant,
S. DEANE.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. HUMPHREYS, who is continually attentive to the genius of the Commercial character, and to the interest as well as edification of the Merchant, has issued proposals for printing by subscription, Commercial and Notarial Precedents: consisting of all the most approved forms, common and special, which are required in transactions of business: with an appendix, containing a correct abstract of the laws relative to bills of Exchange, insurance and shipping: By Joshua Montefiore, attorney and notary public of the city of London.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The Editors of the Gazette of the United States, with a just concern for the rights and interests of the merchants and men of property, in our commercial marts, express a well founded surprise at the supine inattention of the government towards the hopes or fears of this highly influential description of persons. It is of primary importance to the interest of the husbandman, and the handicraftsman, that the merchants, who are both their factors and bankers, should possess the earliest information of every European event, which, in any degree, may effect the commerce of the country. But, though we have envoys and ambassadors, at all the courts of consequence, many of whom, Mr. KING, in particular, are most sedulously zealous to do justice to their mission, and to contribute to the aggrandizement of their country, yet their dispatches are kept carefully from the public eye, and all foreign information, which, at the present eventful juncture, is so momentous to the merchant, is confined to the cabinets at Washington and Monticello.

—

In the Gazette of the United States there occurs a curious history of the honour, honesty, and gratitude of one, who, though he had not courage to *break* Tarleton's *leg*, it seems had the cunning to *pick* Gabriel Jones's *pocket*.

In the year 1773, a money borrower, being obscure, and in great distress, humbly craves the loan of fifty pounds, in Gold or Silver, commonly called the current or sterling money of Great Britain. In 1779, the borrower, being a great man, a state governor, a militia officer, and wilfing to *deface the bond*, sends the money lender a portable packet of those admirable broad pieces, finely denominated *paper money*, in the exquisite and moral vocabulary of revolutionists. Grieved at this scurvy substitution, the money lender, averse to the receipt of *fifty shillings* instead of fifty pounds, very frankly restores to the *dear perfidious* his paper; and, in the year 1803, in the Virginia Gazette, in the very face of the money borrower, all these *unlucky deeds* are related for the honour and glory of democratic probity, and for a lesson to all young men, and credulous politicians, to be honest and unphilosophical, and never to vacate their debts, by a bold stroke of paper chicane.

—

The *lower sort* of Irish, (Duane's countrymen), in their chaste and elegant pronunciation, of the ENGLISH language, frequently give the sound of the letter U to the letter I, the I for E, &c. some time ago one of these D–Q–M–C–S was heard to talk in the following strain.

Bully Dewane's uz tight a luttle fillow as uver skind a pratey: sure did'nt he wurk many a lang night tull breck apen the dooers of the—— Ogh! bodther! what makes me forgit the name? don't I know it as will as I know my fadther's own castle at Bullbriggen—Ogh! the Truzury—They all thaut he'd stale the shiners, that's kept in the iron chuet, you know; but when he'd broken the *keeper*, ogh, honey! the divil a haperth he found at all at all, but a parcel of books—divil burn them! that wurn't worth shouldering—and wurn't he *honest enough* tull put them all back again!!!?

—

Bully Duane labours very hard in defence of *mob government;* he knows full well, that under any other system, he would be *under* the disagreeable necessity of apostrophizing with the Moor of Venice, *A Bully's occupation's gone.*

—

Specimen of the colloquial stile of a great city. Duane's original columns are not so *lengthy* as formerly. He assures us his clear profit does not amount to a *fi-penny-bit*. He wants money *badly*, and can't *progress*, as he told his readers *a liltle bit ago*, unless they should each *put in* a sum, not exceeding *three quarter dollars!*

—

The AMERICAN MERCHANTS are charged, in the Aurora, with courting foreign spoliations by covering foreign property.

They are charged with encouraging the abrogation of the treaty of 1778 with France.

They are charged with claiming, from the *people*, millions to pay for *nominal* losses.

They are charged with daily dishonouring and tarnishing the national character.

They are charged with contriving the *disgraceful* transactions of our government with St. Domingo.

And the Aurora dares to declare, they, and they alone, have subjected us to the ignominy and expense of the tribute to the Barbary powers.

—

The American merchants are *denounced* in the Aurora, as profligate and cruel; as *dangerous persons;* as destitute of *patriotism* and *virtue;* as possessed of a spirit, which has repeatedly endangered the peace of the country, and the liberties of the people; as fomentors of war, and projectors of romantic military and maritime schemes; as the foster fathers of all our loans, and debts, and taxes; and lastly, as a climax to this *lying* list of atrocities, the shameless Duane, with a front of Corinthian brass, has the hardihood to declare that their influence has been *constantly* employed, not to promote the interests of *America*, but of a *foreign* country!

—

How long will the chief politicians, the honest men, the men of genius, the clergy, the lawyers, and the merchants, bear the yoke of the Aurora? We believe that patience and forbearance have done their perfect work, and that the cup of indignation against a foreign editor is nearly full. Let him beware, lest the *waters of bitterness* overflow.

—

It has been, not less justly than finely observed, by one who was biassed, neither by the rhapsody of the frothy Shaftsbury, nor the libels of the malignant Mandeville, that "we must soften into a credulity below the milkiness of infancy, to think all men virtuous. We must be tainted with a malignity truly diabolical, to believe all the world equally wicked and corrupt."

—

It has become, of late, very fashionable among the major and the minor scribblers of democracy, to treat the Eastern states with a most contemptuous insolence, and to couple with this abuse, some clumsy sarcasm upon the character of our Merchants, who are declared, by the voice of Duane, or rather of the "arch juggler behind the curtain," to be the most vicious, and most *abandoned* to *corruption* of any one description of persons in American society!!

—

An ancient writer, among that neglected tribe, just known in America by the name of Classical, and whose authority, in the opinion of the author of this paragraph, is at least equal to that of Mr. John Pym, or Mr. Thomas Paine, declares, when speaking of the fragility of popular favour. *Breves et infaustos Populi Romani amores.* This is of the very essence of wisdom. The intoxicating alcohol of popularity not only fumes away with the volatility of ether, but is a deleterious poison. The delirium, which it produces, is transitory, but its baneful effects are lasting; it makes you sick, as well as giddy, and its hot headed victim, is happy, and blusters, and talks big for a time, but at length grovels in the mire like the rest of the *swinish multitude.*

—

The influence of Duane, upon the republican party, is visibly decreasing. This flaming patriot, whose meridian fervour has been so oppressive, is now rapidly declining to darkness and, to pursue the allusion of Junius, he will be scarcely felt, as he descends. It is a fact, that several of the *chiefs* of the republican party, in this city, express sometimes indignation, and sometimes contempt, at the impertinent and audacious intermeddling of this foreign blockhead; and loudly laugh at the very idea of the perpetual Dictatorship of this new Cæsar.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

HECATE.

Down in yonder darksome dell,
Where the riv'let noiseless glides,
Mistress of the powerful spell,
Dreadful Hecate resides.

Now when midnight bids the grave
Yield terrific spectres dire,
Now when on yon turbid wave
Goblins dance in wild attire,

Heedless of the owlet's scream,
Or the night fiend's frantic yell;
By the mild meand'ring stream
We'll seek her in her gloomy cell.

There the mystic rites perform,
While attendant demons glare;
And the spell created storm
Howls amid the troubled air.

By the glow-worm's twinkling light,
On her couch of clotted gore,
Mid the foul, dank dews of night,
Sits the hag renown'd of yore.

Thrice she moves her magic wand,
Crimson'd o'er with human blood;
Thrice she bears her wither'd brand,
And dips it in the unhallow'd flood.

Thrice, with words of magic power,
She forms the dark, mysterious spell;
And thrice, at this still, solemn hour,
Invokes the potent aid of Hell.

Now, with harsh, discordant scream,
See the demons hasten round;
While a faint, sulphureous gleam,
Shoots athwart the dark profound.

Now she bids the blue flame rise,
Now the magic cauldron brings,
While the bat around her flies,
And the drowsy beetle sings.

"Come, the direful spell prepare,
Haste, ye fiends, to drug the bowl;
Ply the loom with anxious care,
Bid terrific thunders roll.

Sister, this to Osmond bear,
He, this night, shall join our crew;
He our mystic rites shall share,
Sisters he shall sup with you.

Hela haste where Raymond's bed,
Strew'd with thorns, receives its guest;
There thy baneful mildew shed,
Fix thy talons in his breast.

Fly, Fagunna, quickly fly,
To Osiric's castle gate;
Let not slumber close thine eye,
On the Baron's step await.

He, to quench a lustful flame,
Pierc'd his guiltless consorts breast;
Vengeance blasts the monster's fame,
Hell receives him for its guest.

Follow to the bridal bed,
There perform thy tort'ring art;
There, where heavenly virtue bled,
Thrust a scorpion to his heart.

Thy flight, Lufilda, speed away,
To Marengo's crimson'd plain,
Where the fervent beams of day,
Show the heaps of soldiers slain.

Where the gilded streamers fly
Wanton in the noontide breeze,
There the victor thou'lt descry,
Stretch'd beneath embow'ring trees.

He, impell'd by thirst of fame,
Conquest's bloody flag unfurl'd;
Injur'd millions curse his name,
Prostrate groans a fallen world.

His the forfeit, his the crime,
Thousands shall his ghost pursue,
When the rapid flight of Time
Sends his soul to meet our view.

Until then, with hideous dreams,
Fright th' approach of peaceful sleep;
Let the morning's cheering beams
Only lend the power to weep.

Let not Pity soothe his grief;
Let not Slumber close his eye;
Let not Friendship yield relief,
Nor hush the deep heart-bursting sigh.

Soon some Brutus shall be found,
In conscious worth and honour brave,
To bid the trump of Freedom sound,
And send the tyrant to his grave.

Hush!—the harbinger of day
Bids us haste our rites to close;
Soon the morning's cheerful ray,
Wakes the lab'rer from repose."

The cock shrill crow'd; the ghastly crew
Instant dissolv'd to empty air;
The flame of dark sulphureous blue
Shot forth a faint, expiring glare.

Nought now is heard. The owlet's scream
No more resounds, and all is still,
Save but the sweetly murm'ring stream,
That trickles from yon fir-crown'd hill.

LYSANDER.

[All the ensuing articles, with the signature of HARLEY, are the elegant effusions of the leisure of an English gentleman, whom the Editor is happy to call his friend, and at whose natal hour, the Muses smiled.]

STANZAS,

On the mutability of earthly enjoyments.

And didst thou think, fond youth, to sail
Secure across life's billowy sea?
And didst thou think the wavering gale
Would always blow direct for thee?

Ah, no! I know the treacherous storm,
Hush'd in grim silence, loves to sleep,
While yet no boisterous winds deform
The tranquil bosom of the deep.

But Hope's bright sun had clear'd the sky—
(A vivid arch of purest blue)
And not a wandering cloud was nigh
To intercept the blissful view.

Who but would trust a scene so fair,
With every earthly bliss replete?
Could Discontent or pining Care
Usurp young Hope's refulgent seat?

They could not;—and perchance the mind,
To Nature's early dictates true,
Trusted too easily to find
That happiness we all pursue.

Alas! that happiness below
Solicits our pursuits in vain——
Hark, hark! the howling tempests blow,
Dark clouds the spotless ether stain.

Yet struggling thro' the deepening gloom,
Fair Hope still pours a feeble ray;
Thus the lone mansions of the tomb,
The lamp illumes with doubtful day.

Then grieve not thou, whoe'er thou be,
To life's tumultuous storms resign'd,
There is a Power who looks on thee,
And tempers to thy state the wind.

HARLEY.

VIRTUE.

O Virtue, source of every heartfelt joy,
Shall not thy living charms my lyre employ?
Shall I not own that in thy hallowed name,
Contentment, peace, and every pleasure came?
Tho' powerful wealth, in many a venal state,
May raise our rank, and bid the mean be great,
Yet say, poor mortal, 'mid the pompous glare,
Can riches smooth the furrow'd brow of care?
From the proud gates bid Death's grim form retire,
Or wake the spark, just ready to expire?
And what is Honour, youth's illusive theme?
A thin-blown bubble dancing on the stream,
It floats awhile, buoy'd up with inward wind,
Then sudden bursts, and leaves no trace behind:
Lo! Beauty, blooming as the morn of May,
Surveys her rosy charms, and seems to say—
"Riches and Honour, what are they to me?
At Beauty's dazzling throne they bend the knee,
My smile the most dejected heart can cheer,
My frown can bid the boldest bosom fear:
Riches and Honour, what are they to me?
At Beauty's dazzling throne they bend the suppliant knee."
Vain Beauty, know, that thou must soon be laid
In the cold grave, and all thy glories fade;
But Virtue still serene and mild appears,
And, firm and faithful, life's sad journey cheers,
Supports our steps, though faithless riches fly,
And all our honours in oblivion lie,
Unfolds celestial charms which ne'er decay,
Tho' earth-born Beauty withering fade away,
Teaches to meet, unmov'd, Death's stingless dart,
And points to scenes where sorrow has no part.

HARLEY.

ADDRESS TO THE RED-BREAST.

Sweet bird, that on the quivering spray,
Through Autumn's lingering hours,
Lament'st the rude blast's whistling sway,
That desolates the bowers.

Repeat once more that plaintive strain,
It soothes my sad despair;
For, ah! my heart in scenes of pain
Has borne no common share.

Bright rose the morning of my days,
Fair prospects beam'd around;
But woe to him whose fond hope strays
O'er fancy's fairy ground.

Untimely storms their sickly blast
O'er all my prospects threw:—
My tearful eye beheld them waste,
And vanish from my view.

At sorrow's touch, the sacred fire
Of Genius feels decay;
And, lo! I quit my languid lyre,
To listen to thy lay;

Then, oh! repeat that plaintive strain,
It soothes my sad despair;
For my torn heart in scenes of pain,
Has borne no common share;

So when fell Winter's ruthless train
Shall rock that leafless tree,
Beneath my roof mayst thou remain,
A welcome guest with me.

So when returning Spring shall cheer
This widely weeping vale,
A note less pensive we may hear,
Soft sounding in the gale.

HARLEY.

PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR,
BY WILLIAM FRY,
AND PRINTED BY H. MAXWELL,
NO. 25, NORTH SECOND STREET.